

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

From a Young Lady, in LONDON, who lost her Portmantua,

To Miss SOPHIA B-----, in the Country. 1347. m. 40

DEAR SOPHIA, attend
Sad news from a friend ;
No Riddle—it's something that's worse ;
I could tell you in prose,
That I've lost all my cloaths,
But I think I will write it in verse.

Oh! LONDON--vile place !
I am brought to disgrace
By that scene of confusion and evil ;
My money all spent ;
I have cause to lament !
And my portmantua gone to the d---l.

I've lost my new sacque,
The best to my back ;
A filk, quite in taste you'll suppose ;
With shifts by the dozen ;
So now, my dear cousin,
I fear I must shift without cloaths.

My gowns--oh! the duce ;
My *coloeur depuce!*
I forgot that was gone with the rest :
Vexatious indeed !
But 'tis part of my creed,
That all things turn out for the best.

My petticoats too !
(Tell me what I shall do)
For 'tis really a serious affair !
As to going without,
'Twill look aukward, no doubt---
And, beside, it will make people stare !

How provoking to lose
All my stockings and shoes !
For me, who loves gadding about :
Most of all these were new ;
(Pon my honour 'tis true)
And the rest were not quarter worn out.

Every handkerchief gone,
Silk, cambric, and lawn ;
Yet trouble must never appear !
For if I should cry,
Not a white one have I,
That's handsome, to wipe off a tear !

Not a tippet, or tucker ;
I am in such pucker
For something to wear round my neck ;
That the fellows, who guess
The mind by the drefs,
Will think I am quite at their beck.

No apron to wear,
I vow and declare !
Must manage like grandmother Eve ;
Sow fig-leaves together,
In very warm weather ;
In cold, lie in bed, I believe.

My head appears plain,
Unincumber'd with brain ;
My heart loves an innocent joke !
So I vow and protest
I'll have my hair drest,
And then I'll put on a long cloak.

The people who try
To comfort me, cry
" Lord blefs me ! you make such a pother ;
" I'm sure I'd not fret ;
" 'Tis time enough yet ;
" You'll hear of it one day or other.

" Philosophy, too,
" Should satisfy you,
" Or virtue is only pretence ;
" If trifles, like these,
" Your spirits can teize,
" What signifies all your good sense ?"

To talk in this strain,
Is foolish and vain ;
No comfort I find on this head ;
So, often we meet
Good Sense in the street,
And Philosophy, fighting for bread !

You'll own here's enough
Of nonsensical stuff ;
Rejoice I have finish'd my letter,
And agree with me, then,
I should never touch pen,
Unless I could write something better.